WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

18P
IR-29p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 264 Mar. 2nd, 1985

BANANAMAN
POW!
SCHLURP! Things are nice and quiet since I, well, Bananaman then, put the Heavy Mob behind bars.
But they won't stay that way 'cos I've sent Auntie to get them out of prison. CHUCKLETY-CHUCK!
SOON. AT STRANGEMOOR SCRUBS—
I've come for the job as dinner lady.
VACANCIES
Hmm! We'll have to test your cooking skills first.
My speciality—fluffy light porridge.
This is far too good for the prisoners.
GASP!
BURP!
It turns into a heavy lump when you eat it.
Here is a newsflash! Would Bananaman report to Strangemoor Scrubs for guard duty!
I'm on my way, Fiona.

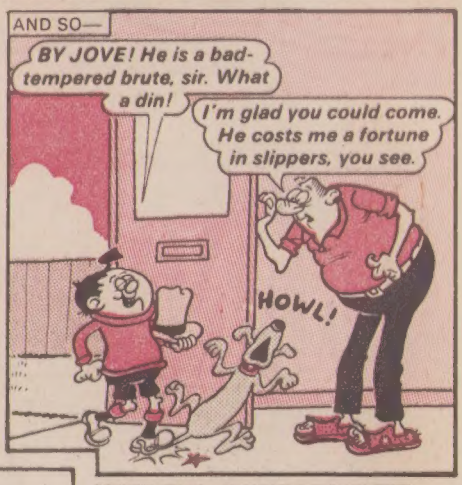
CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

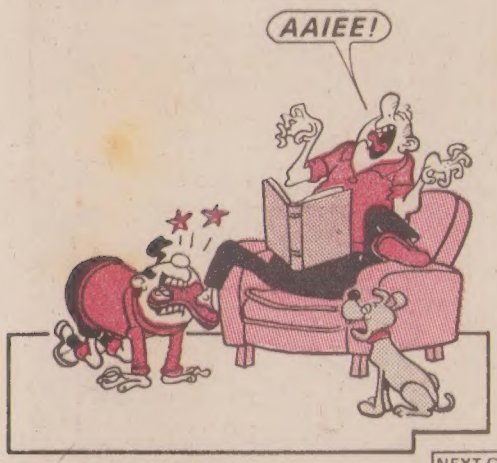
JAY R. HOOD

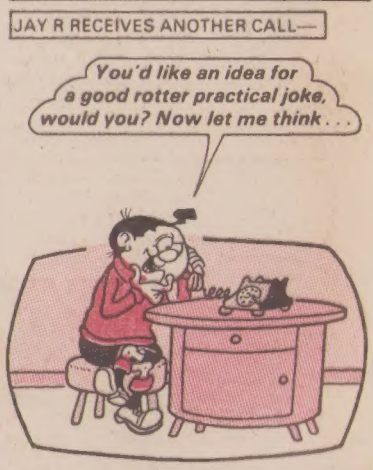
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

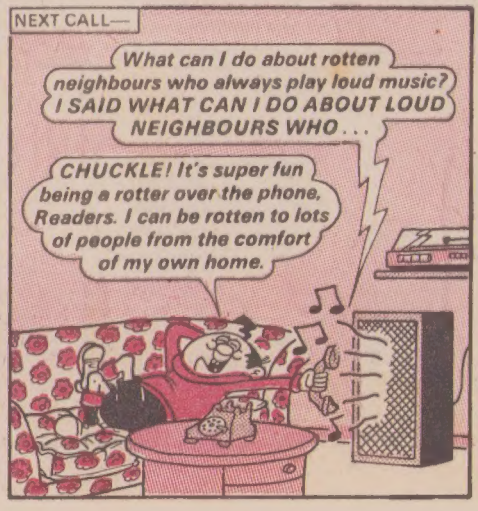
Anybody with a rotter problem of any kind can phone me and I'll give them rotter advice. YUK! YUK!
JAY R'S DIAL-A-ROTTER ADVICE SERVICE
PHONE 92

Coo! That could be a useful service.
I'm always bothered by rotters.
Jay R's the world's top expert, too.
JAY R'S DIAL-A-ROTTER ADVICE SERVICE
PHONE 724,092



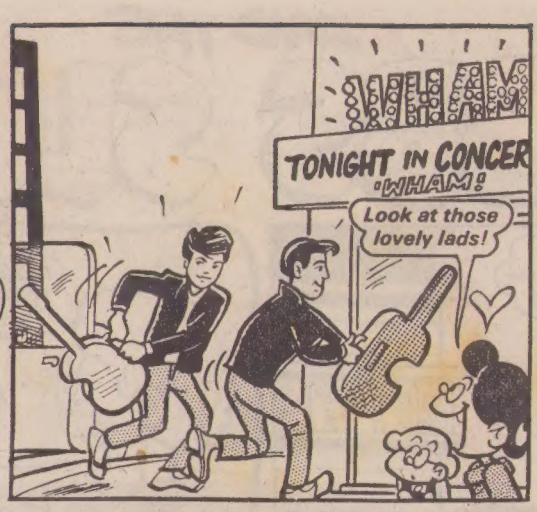


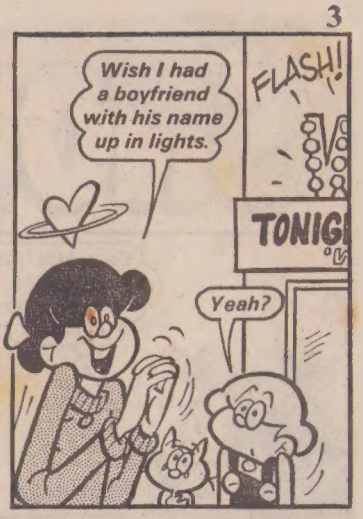


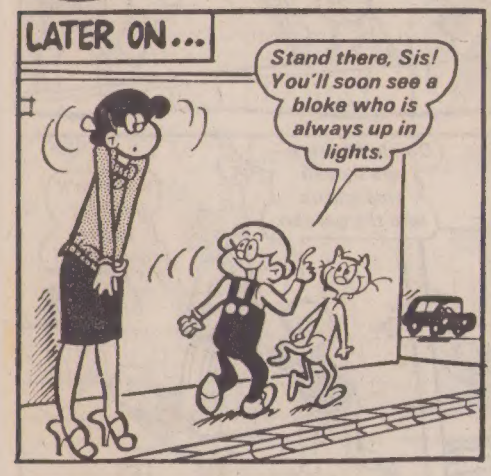

NEXT CALL—
What can I do about rotten neighbours who always play loud music? I SAID WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT LOUD NEIGHBOURS WHO . . .
CHUCKLE! It's super fun being a rotter over the phone, Readers. I can be rotten to lots of people from the comfort of my own home.

BUT, ALL THAT NIGHT—
BAH! I should've realised folk would phone me at the most rotten times. GRR! FUME!
TRRING! TRRING! TRRING!
NTY.2.3.85

PETER Pest

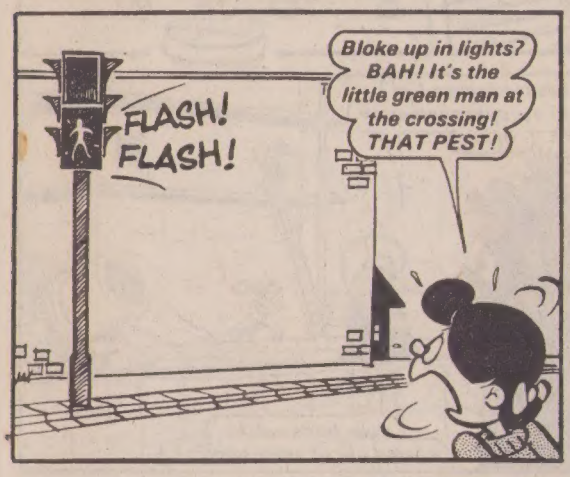

WHAM!
TONIGHT IN CONCERT
WHAM!
Look at those lovely lads!


Wish I had a boyfriend with his name up in lights.
FLASH!
Yeah?


LATER ON...
Stand there, Sis! You'll soon see a bloke who is always up in lights.

LATER...
Can't see anybody.
What a mug! Any moment now...

What's that?
BLEEP! BLEEP! BLEEP!


FLASH! FLASH!
Bloke up in lights? BAH! It's the little green man at the crossing! THAT PEST!

Prepare to be thumped, Brother!
Heh! Heh!
GIGGLE!

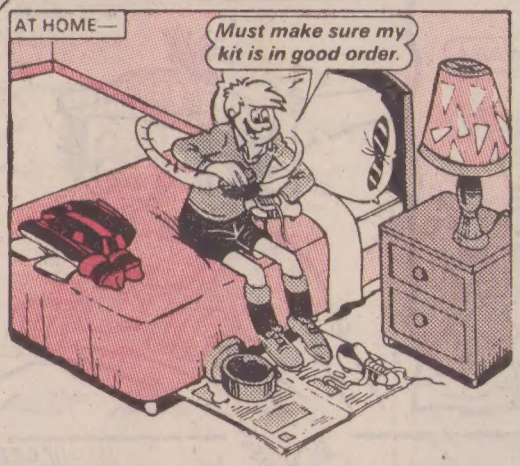
C'mon, Sis! I do know someone with his name up in lights.

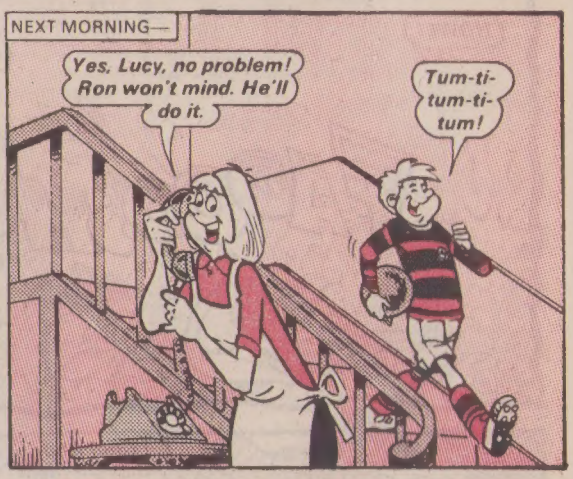
FLASH!
FLASH
Joe's Caff
FISH 'n CHIPS
MENU
GREASE 'n CHIPS
FINGS 'n CHIPS
CUSTARD 'n CHIPS
EMPTIES!
Here we are! Play your cards right and maybe you'll get a free meal.
NTY.2.3.85.
JOE

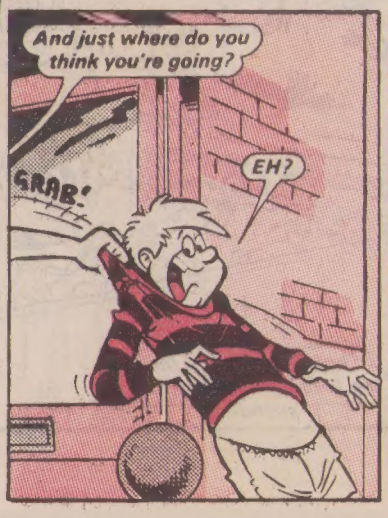
FLASH
Joe's Caff
See, Joe has his name in lights.
FISH 'n CHIPS

Snarl! I'll knock the living dayLIGHTS out of you!
OFF LIKE A FLASH!

RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

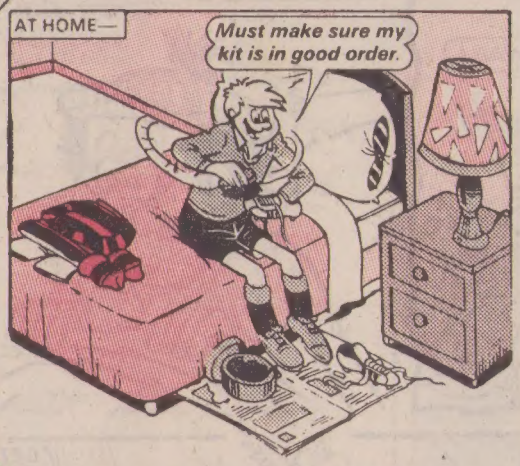


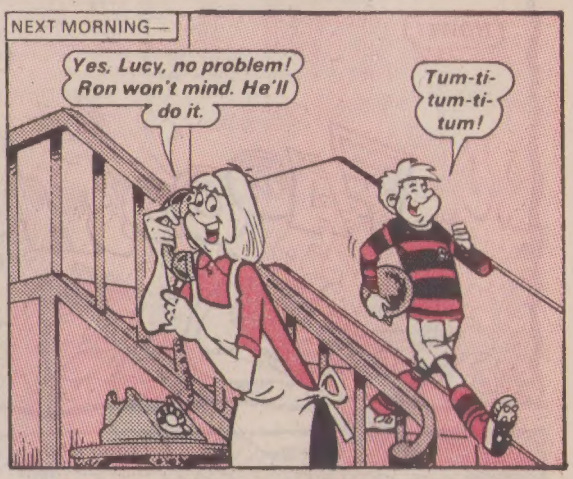


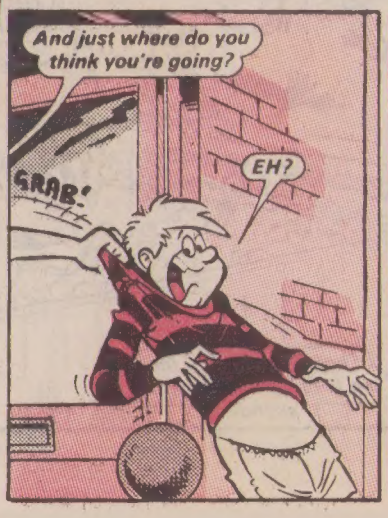


I'm Ron! Would you tell Elmer I'm here?
Sure, Pardner! Put it right there!
You mean you're LITTLE Elmer?
That's right! I'm from Texas—where everything's big!
LATER AT THE FOOTBALL PITCH—
What do you mean you can't play? We'll be a man short.
I'm sorry! But I've to look after this cousin of mine.
GOAL!
AARGH!
Oh, no! We're a goal down already and it looks like our keeper's been injured too!
Ron, you must play now, and listen, your cousin could go in goal.
Mmm! This ball's not as big as I'm used to but . . .
You're joking! He's a Yank! They know nothing about football.
. . . it is fairly easy to control.
Do you see what I see?
Yeah!
Where did you learn that, Elmer?
I'm captain of the school basketball team back home.
AND SO—
GOAL—NO! He's saved my best shot!
Well done, Elmer!
AFTER THE MATCH—
A 4-1 victory for us, Elmer! The best bit of baby-sitting I've ever done.
No sweat, Cousin Ron.
NTY.2.3.85

RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS







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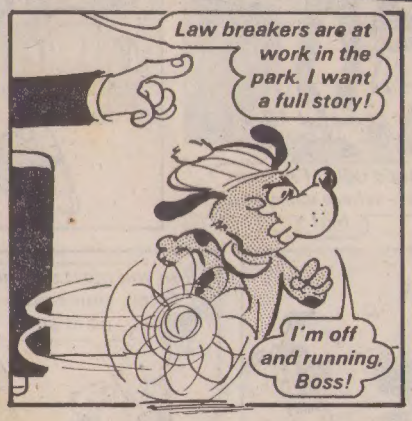
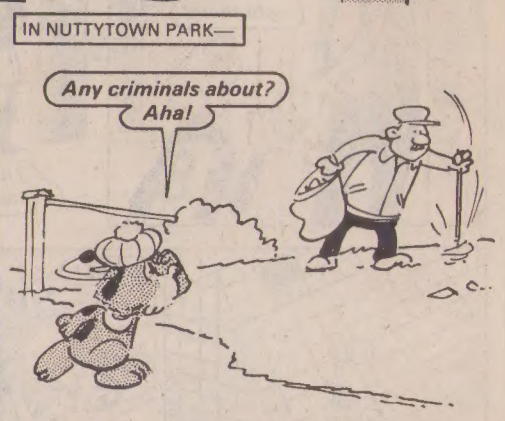
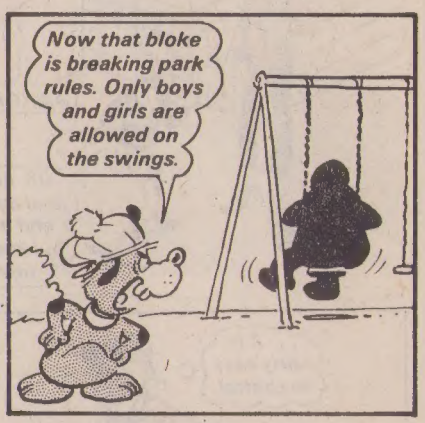
NTY.2.3.85

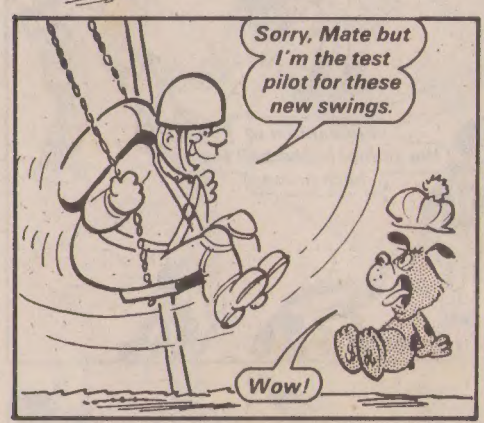
SCOOP

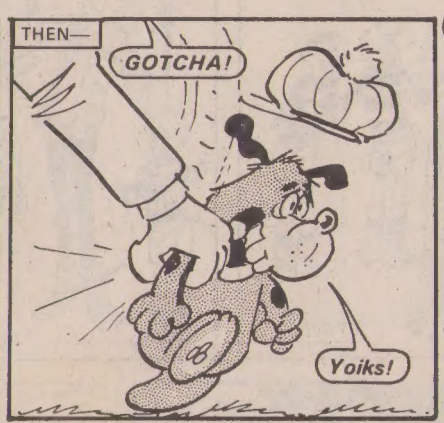
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

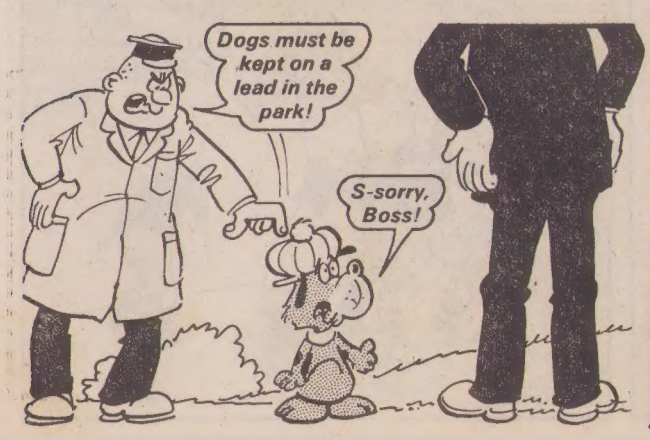


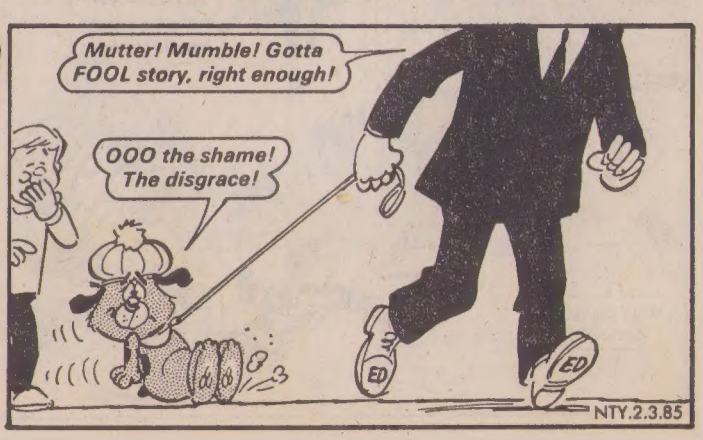






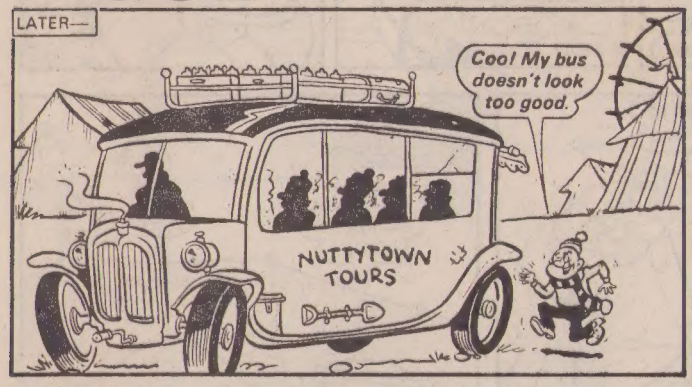


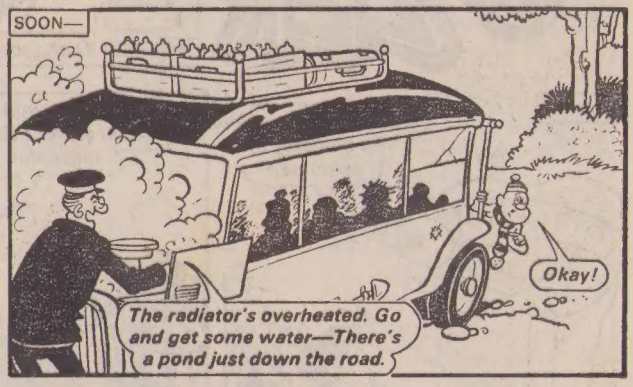


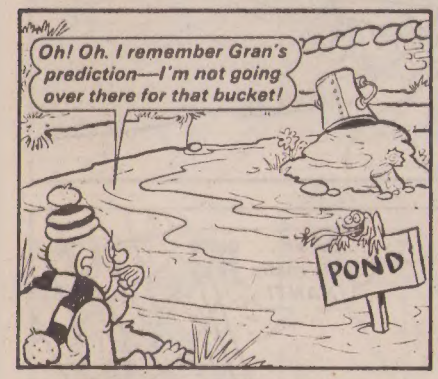


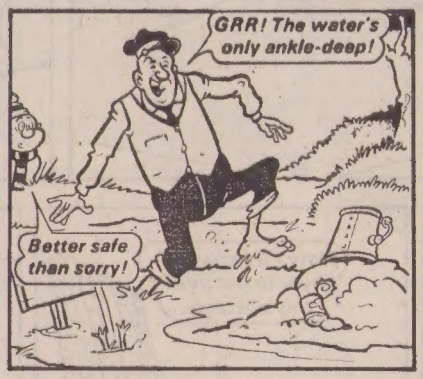
HORACE COPE

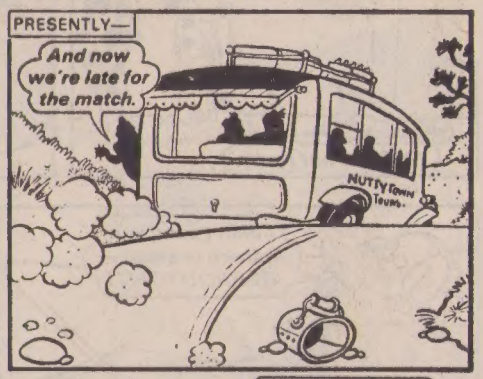
HOWEVER—
It's a bad day for going on a long journey. You'll be stranded on an island.
Don't be silly, Gran. I'm going on a bus, not a boat!

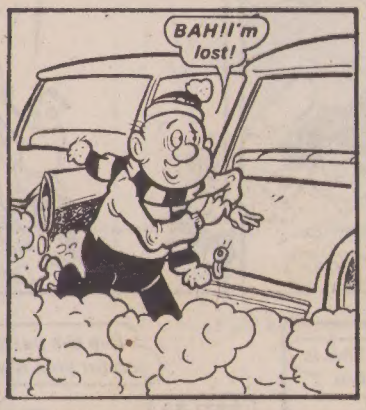




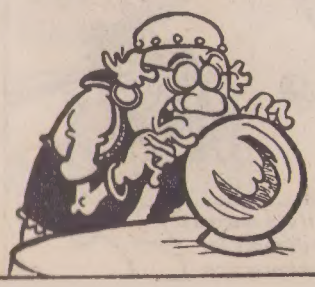








ZSA ZSA'S POTTY PREDICTIONS.



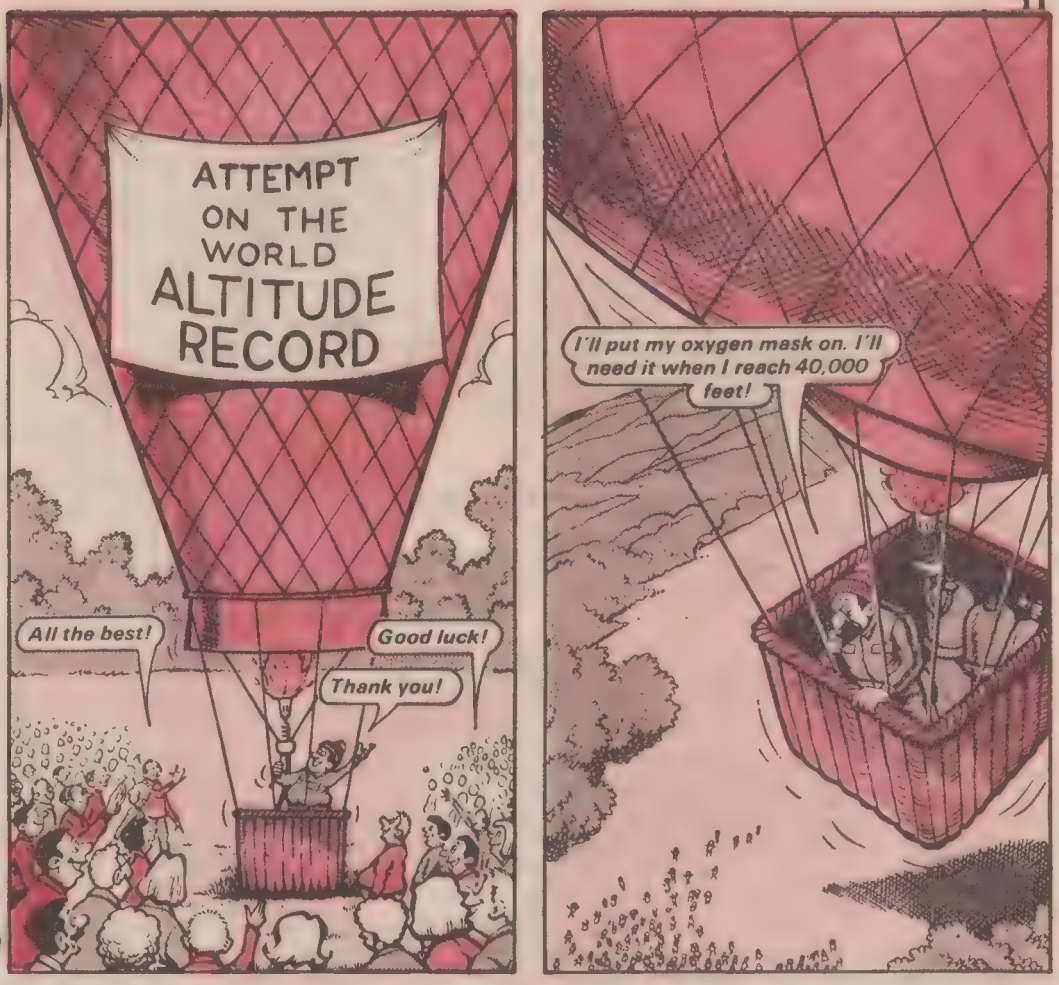
Here are Madam Zsa Zsa's predictions for you if your birthday is between February 24th and March 2nd—

Unfortunately, you could be the victim of a robbery in the next seven days. Your bank book will be taken, but don't worry, your Bananaman colouring book will be safe. You may be ill later in the week so here is a health tip. Drink a cup of hot water every morning. After all, if you do this for 36,500 mornings in a row, you'll live to be 100 years old.

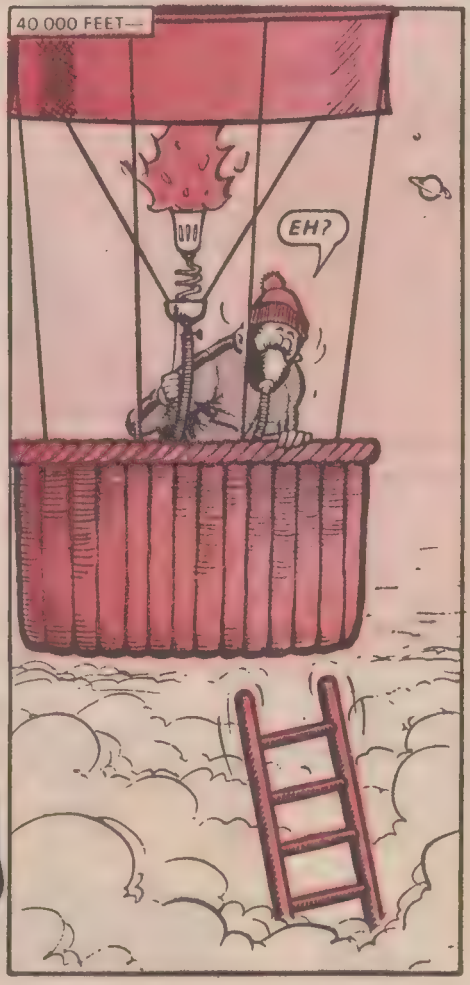
PISCES

SNOOZER
ZZZZZZZ
Today, Class, I've a lovely surprise for you.
Oh, Goody.
DZZ! Yeah, goody.
This is Sergeant-Major Bellows, Class.
RIGHT, YOU 'ORRIBLE SHOWER! You're comin' with me.
EEK!
It's a day's army trainin' for you lot. Left-right, left-right . . .
No need to shout.
AT CAMP
Call yourself a soldier, you slovenly little specimen?
Me? No, not really.
First I want you all to crawl under this 'ere tarpaulin.
Well done, except for ONE!
I didn't send you in there to sleep— GERROUTOFIT!
ERK!
Now I'll show you how to get over this obstacle.
It's . . . GASP . . . quite easy really. PANT!
So it is!
WHEE! This is good fun.
UGH!
ZZZ! An alert sentry maybe?
I've the perfect job for you, My Lad.
NTY.2.3.85
CHEE-ARGE!
HO! HO! He makes a great dummy for bayonet practice.

NUTTY TALES


ATTEMPT ON THE WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD
All the best!
Good luck!
Thank you!

I'll put my oxygen mask on. I'll need it when I reach 40,000 feet!


40 000 FEET—
EH?

No naked flames allowed, sir!
B-but . . swoon
THE SOUTH
NTY.2.3.85

B+ BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

Tally-Ho! And off we go, Crow.

I don't want to go to prison. I'm innocent!

BY JINGO! A desperate message written in porridge, and his writing's awful.

Take the keys and guard against jail-break

You can't get out 'cos I've got the keys— so there! RASSP!

We don't need a key to open this door . . .

. . . show him, Muscles.

Yus, Boss.

KERLANGA-LANG!

You make a super doormat, Bananaman.

GROAN!

After them, Mr B, they're getting away.

They can't go far. I've got all the prison keys.

They won't need any keys, not with this rope ladder I've knitted.

I've got to stop them but how?

I've an idea, Mr B.

Brilliant, Crow. I knew I could count on you as a WOOL.

ERK! Our ladder's disappearing.

OOPH! The whole thing unravelled!

You KNIT-WIT. Auntie!

THUD!

We can still escape, Boys. Don't worry.

Telescopic knitting needles!

Great for pole vaulting over prison walls.

Stop! This 'nana laser's loaded.

ZAP!

You asked for it!

YEOW! We didn't ask for this!

BLATTER!

HO! HO! I've pole-axed them good 'n' proper.

You're all going back behind bars.

HUH!

NTY.2.3.85

Muscles can open ANY cell door by using his head.

Oo-er! What'll I do?

What are you doin' with the left-over porridge?

You'll see.

Oh, no! It's not working.

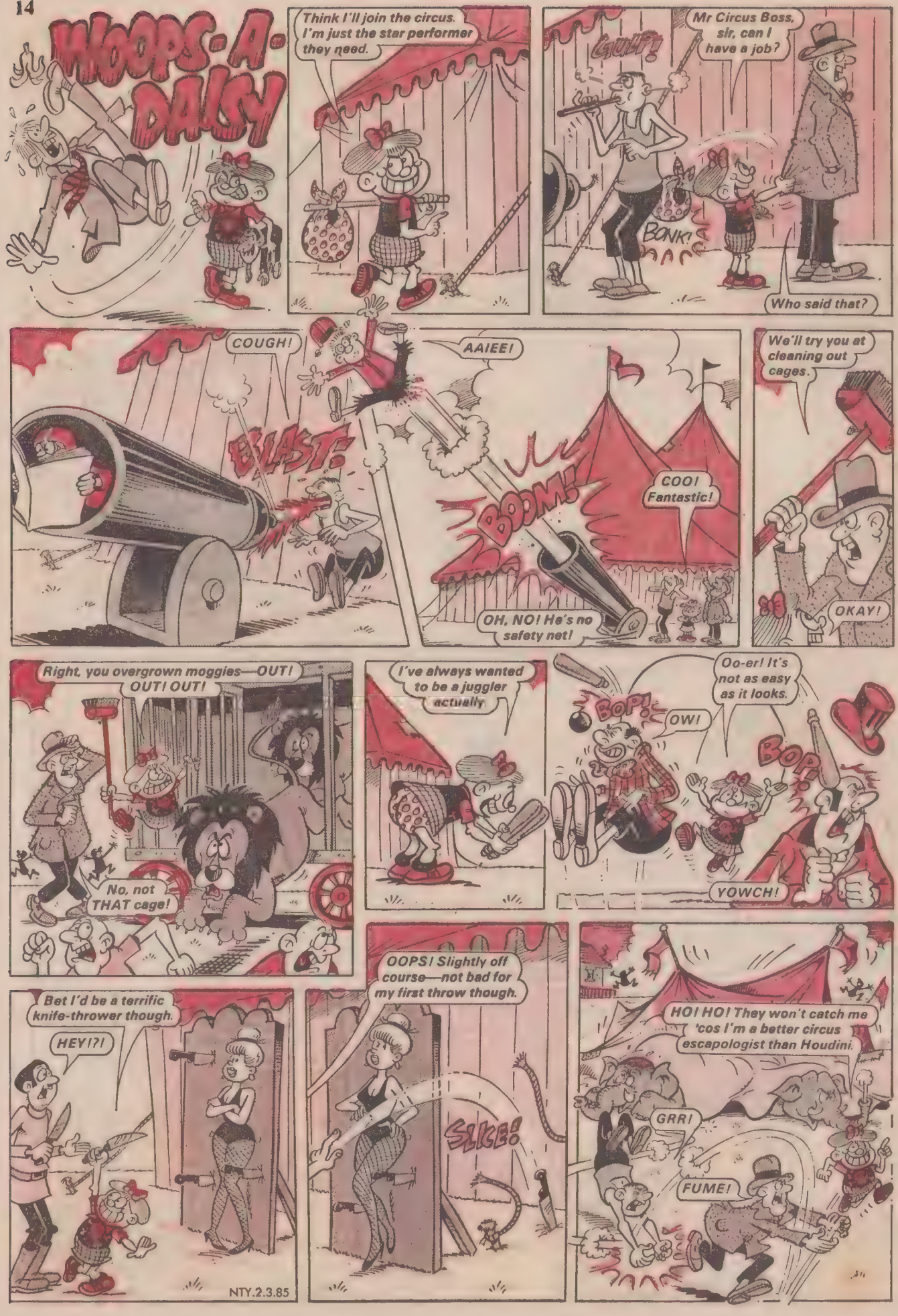
CLANK!

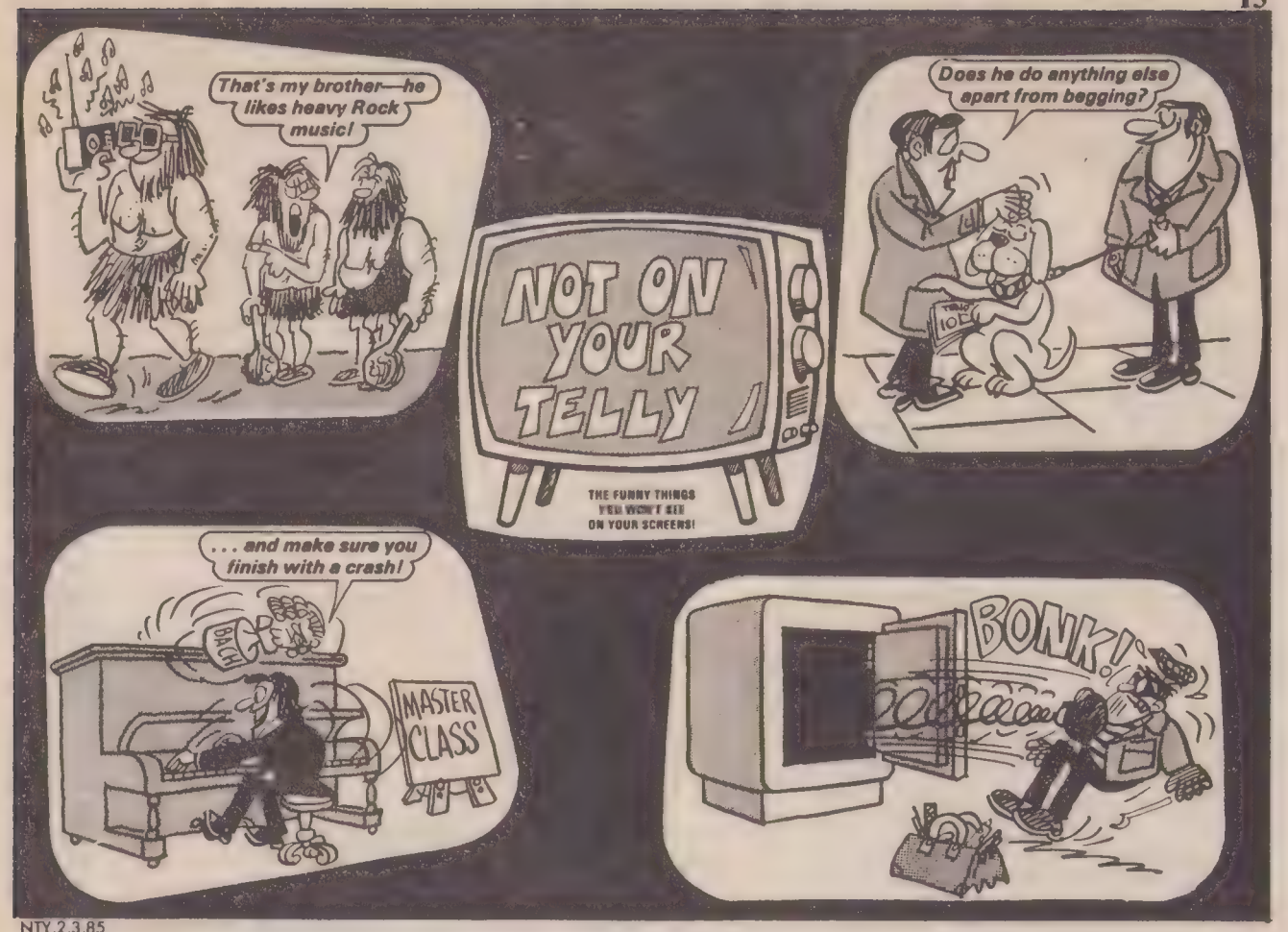
NTY.2.3.85

Even Muscles can't break through a door coated with Auntie's porridge.

Instead of making porridge, you're going to DO porridge, Auntie.

BAH!


WHOOPS-A-DAISY
Think I'll join the circus. I'm just the star performer they need.
GULP!
Mr Circus Boss, sir, can I have a job?
BONK!
Who said that?
COUGH!
BLAST!
AAIEE!
BOOM!
COO! Fantastic!
OH, NO! He's no safety net!
We'll try you at cleaning out cages.
OKAY!
Right, you overgrown moggies—OUT!
OUT! OUT!
No, not THAT cage!
I've always wanted to be a juggler actually.
BOP!
OW!
Oo-er! It's not as easy as it looks.
BOP!
YOWCH!
Bet I'd be a terrific knife-thrower though.
HEY!?!
OOPS! Slightly off course—not bad for my first throw though.
SLICE!
HO! HO! They won't catch me 'cos I'm a better circus escapologist than Houdini.
GRR!
FUME!
NTY.2.3.85


That's my brother—he likes heavy Rock music!
NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
Does he do anything else apart from begging?
. . . and make sure you finish with a crash!
BACH
MASTER CLASS
BONK!

NTY.2.3.85

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AND GET ONE OF THESE SUPER

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FOR FEATURES

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FOR FUN!

FRUITY PENCIL TOPPERS!

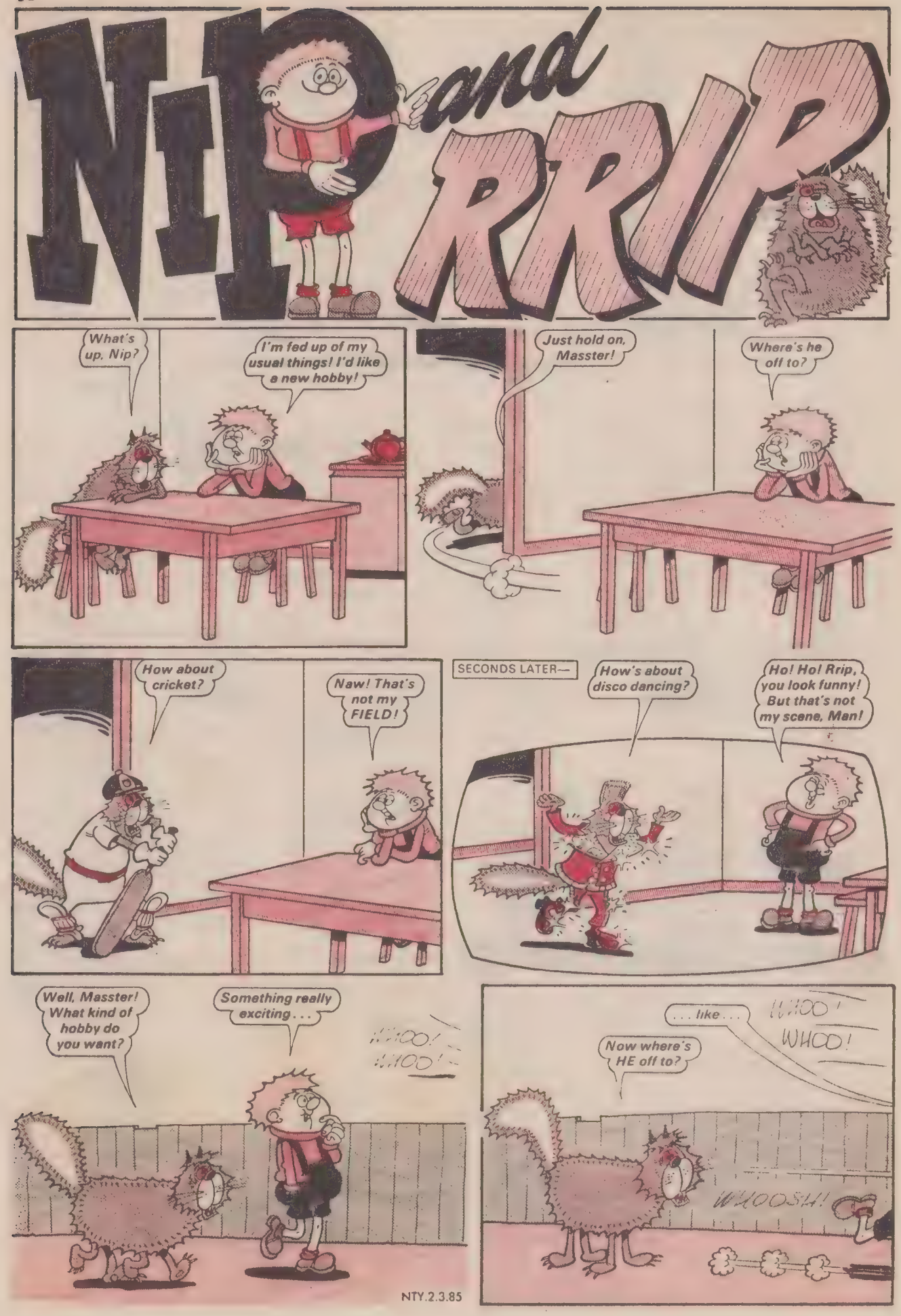
FREE WITH Nikki FOR GIRLS

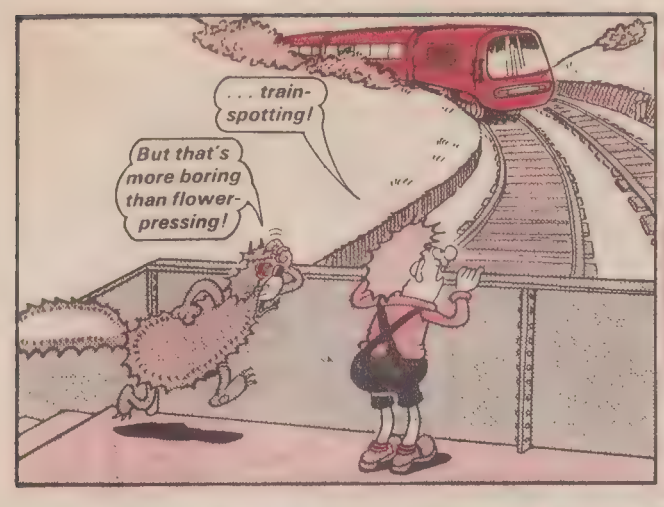
On Sale Saturday March 2 Issue Dated March 9

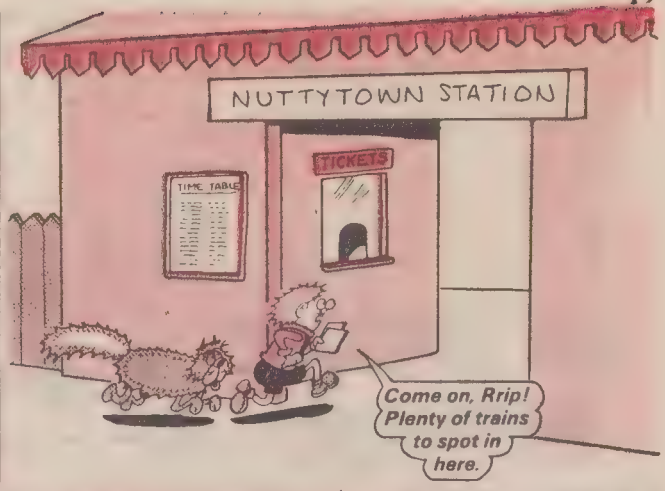
20p

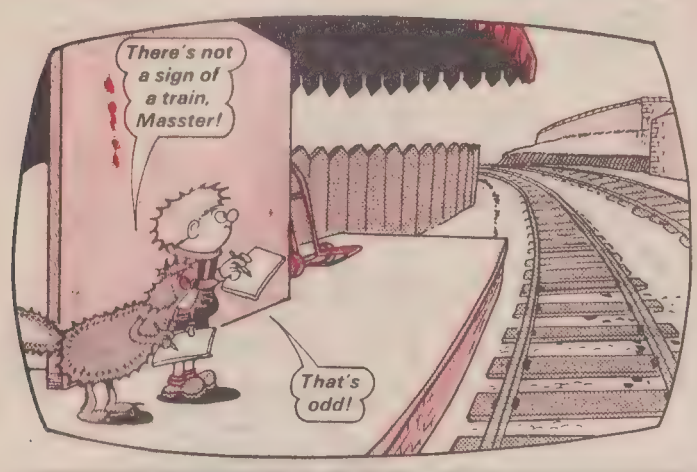
AUNTIE
BERKLEY'S BANK
Hi, Readers. This is my latest money-making scheme!
READER'S VOICE.
You won't make much money selling heather!
LUCKY WHITE HEATHER
No, but it helps me get inside the bank where I can make money!
Is that heather? I'll have a bunch.
WHUMP!
Yeah, a bunch of fives!
Give me your money!
PRESS
YIKES! An—
CLANG!
—IRON DOOR!
He must've recognised me. I need a disguise!
SOON—
There, Readers. Wouldn't recognise me, would you?
Good morning, Ladies. I'm the new manager!
You're not the new manager. You're far too polite!
PUSH!
OO-ER! I've been rumbled!
CLANG!
NTY.2.3.85

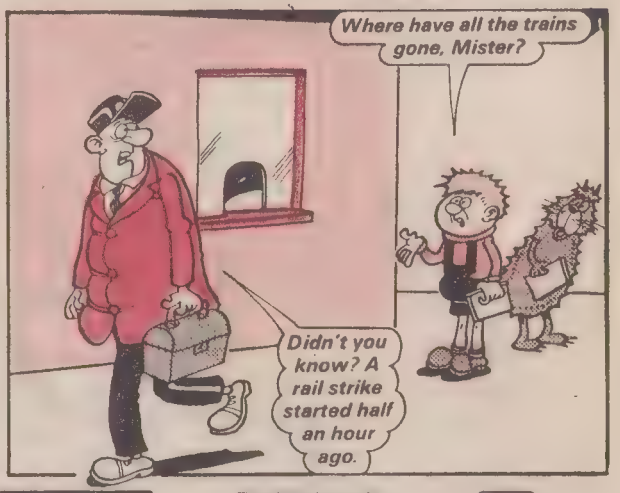
HMMM! I've got another idea though!
I'm the new cleaner!
Your money looks dirty— I'll clean it with my vacuum cleaner!
ERK!
SUCK!
BUT—
Hey, you can't start yet—you ain't had a teabreak!
GRAB!
OO-ER! Here we go again.
CLANG!
OOF! Me brain bone!
PRESENTLY—
LUCKY HEATHER! TRY SOME OF MY HEATHER!
I'll have some. I need a change of luck!
HEATHER
BUT—
HEE! HEE! That's my Heather!
HEATHER
SNATCH!
OOF!
BAH! I've been plotted with my own plot!
HO! HO! Let's go, Heather.
Okay, PEAT!
NTY.2.3.85


NIP and RRIP
What's up, Nip?
I'm fed up of my usual things! I'd like a new hobby!
Just hold on, Masster!
Where's he off to?
How about cricket?
Naw! That's not my FIELD!
SECONDS LATER—
How's about disco dancing?
Ho! Ho! Rrip, you look funny! But that's not my scene, Man!
Well, Masster! What kind of hobby do you want?
Something really exciting...
WHOO! WHOO!
... like...
Now where's HE off to?
WHOO! WHOO!
WHOOSH!
NTY.2.3.85


. . . train-spotting!
But that's more boring than flower-pressing!

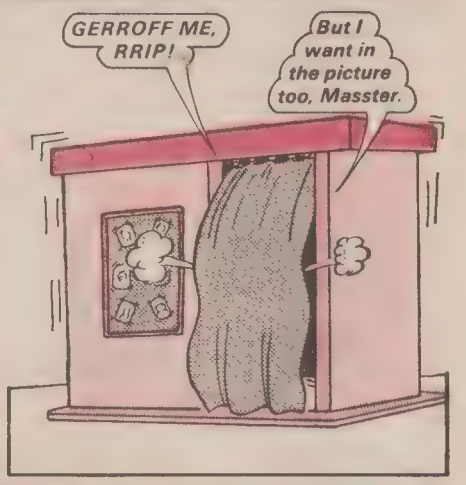

NUTTYTOWN STATION
TICKETS
TIME TABLE
Come on, Rrip! Plenty of trains to spot in here.

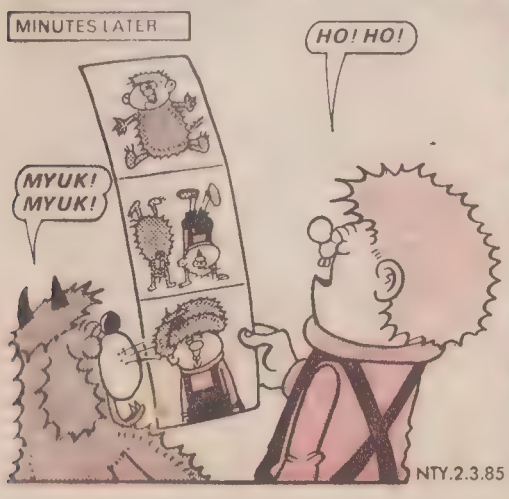

There's not a sign of a train, Masster!
That's odd!


Where have all the trains gone, Mister?
Didn't you know? A rail strike started half an hour ago.

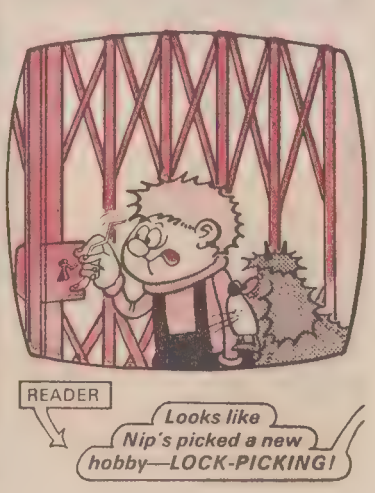
So much for my new hobby!
Spot a human being would be a better hobby.
UTTER

We'll have some fun in here! I've got twenty pence.
PHOTOGRAPHS
Good idea, Masster!

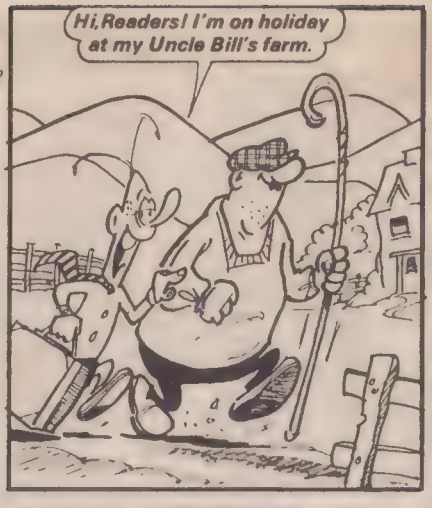

GERROFF ME, RRIP!
But I want in the picture too, Masster.

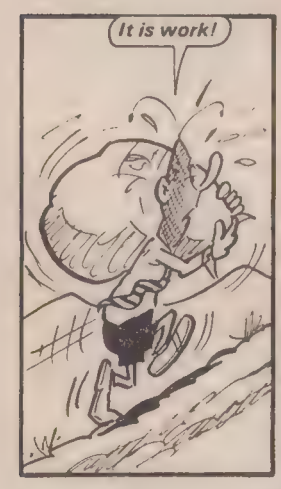

MINUTES LATER
HO! HO!
MYUK! MYUK!
NTY.2.3.85

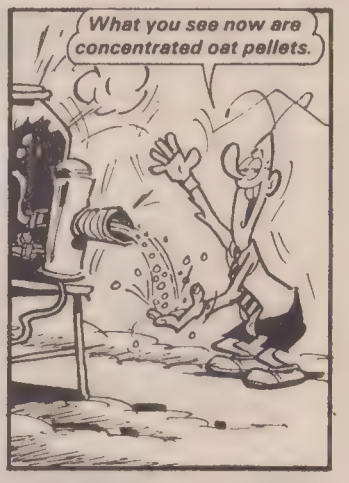
Here, the station gate is locked.
We're shut in!

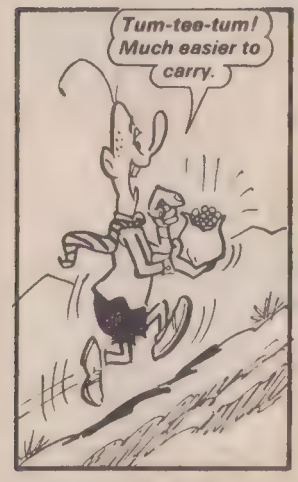

READER
Looks like Nip's picked a new hobby—LOCK-PICKING!

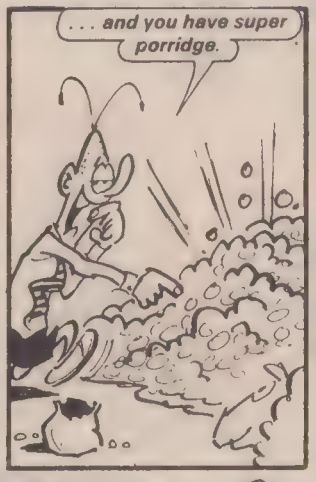
WACKY
THE CRACKPOT INVENTOR



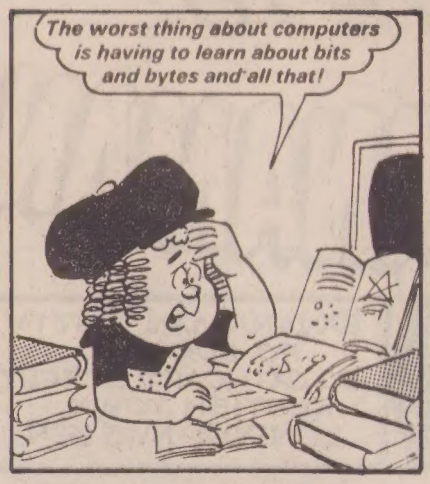


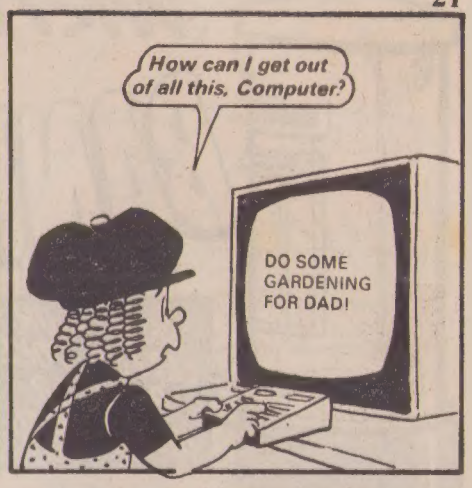




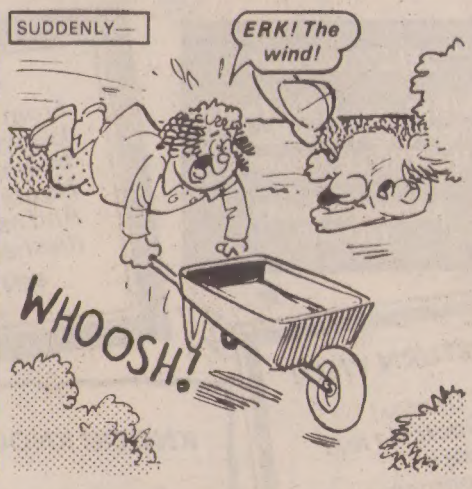


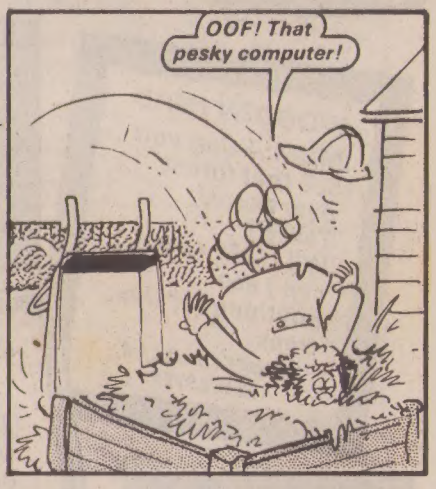
MICRO DOT


The worst thing about computers is having to learn about bits and bytes and all that!

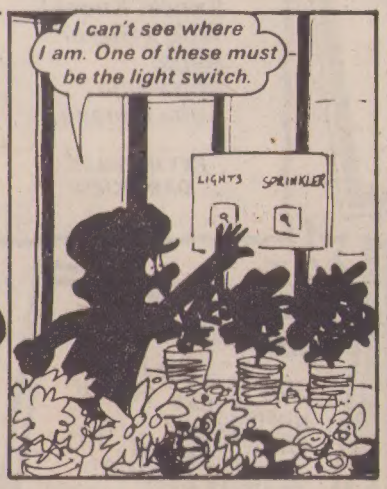

How can I get out of all this, Computer?
DO SOME GARDENING FOR DAD!

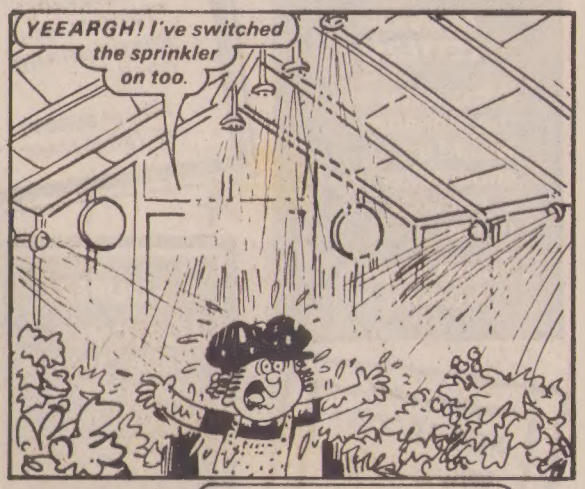
I don't like gardening, but it's better than all that maths rubbish!


SUDDENLY—
ERK! The wind!
WHOOSH!


OOF! That pesky computer!

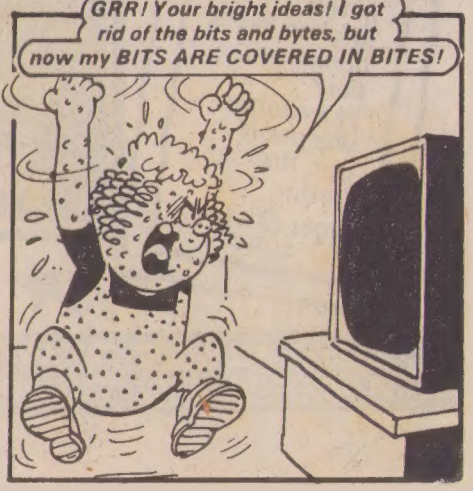
Sounds good!
WORK IN THE GREEN-HOUSE.


I can't see where I am. One of these must be the light switch.
LIGHTS
SPRINKLER


YEEARGH! I've switched the sprinkler on too.

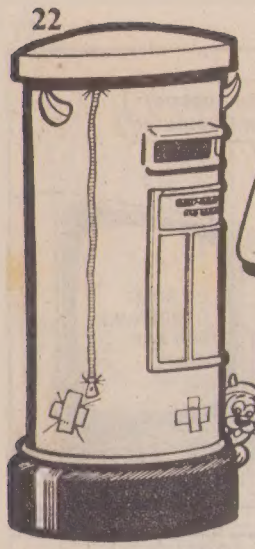
The water's f-freezing!
A SWARM OF HOLIDAYING MIDGES.

OOH! Lemme out of here!
NTY.2.3.85


GRR! Your bright ideas! I got rid of the bits and bytes, but now my BITS ARE COVERED IN BITES!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

WOODEN HEAD

MUM:—Can you see that forest over there?
TWEET
WILLIAM:— No, I can't see anything for the trees.

AUDREY PULLAR, LEICESTER

JELLY GOOD!

What is 300 feet high and wobbles?
The TRIFLE Tower!

KATHLEEN BAILEY, TELFORD

POTTY POEM!

From London Zoo, an alligator,
Was put on board a flying freighter.
He ate the pilot and navigator
And asked for more with mashed potater!

BEN STATTON-WOODWARD, HUNT

RETURN VISIT!

"Doctor! Doctor! I feel like a boomerang."
"I know, you keep coming back."

PHILIP BERRY, ALTRINCHAM

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Abba.
Abba who?
Abba banana.

KEVIN MILLS, DARTFORD

MAN OF LETTERS!

What letter of the alphabet would a shoemaker use?
Z, because it's the last!

PHYTO MICHAEL, NUNEATON

RHYME WITHOUT REASON!

LITTLE BOY BLUE:—Bah! Bah! Black sheep, have you any wool?
BLACK SHEEP:—What do you think this is, Nylon?

SIMON CROSS, HIGH WYCOMBE

SOUPER!

CUSTOMER:—Waiter, there's a twig in my soup, is it bird's nest?
WAITER:—I don't know, Sir, I'll call the branch manager!

SCOTT FRASER, DUNBLANE

SAHARAN SANTA!

Why is a cat in the desert like Father Christmas?
Because of his SANDY CLAWS!

MARY WILLIAMS, IPSWICH

HOT BACON!

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire?
The sooner you put it out, the better.

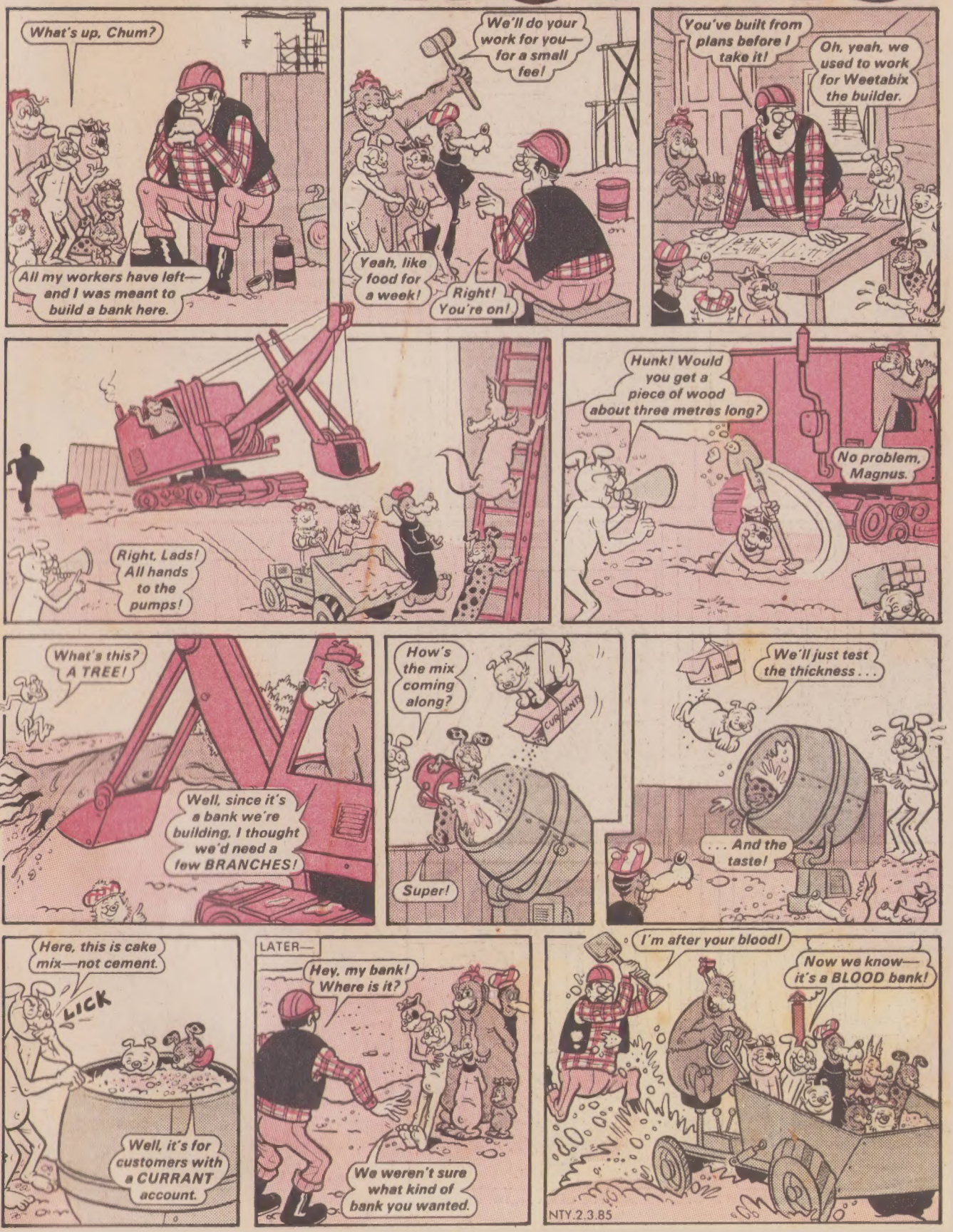
NOEL CAWLOR, SLIGO

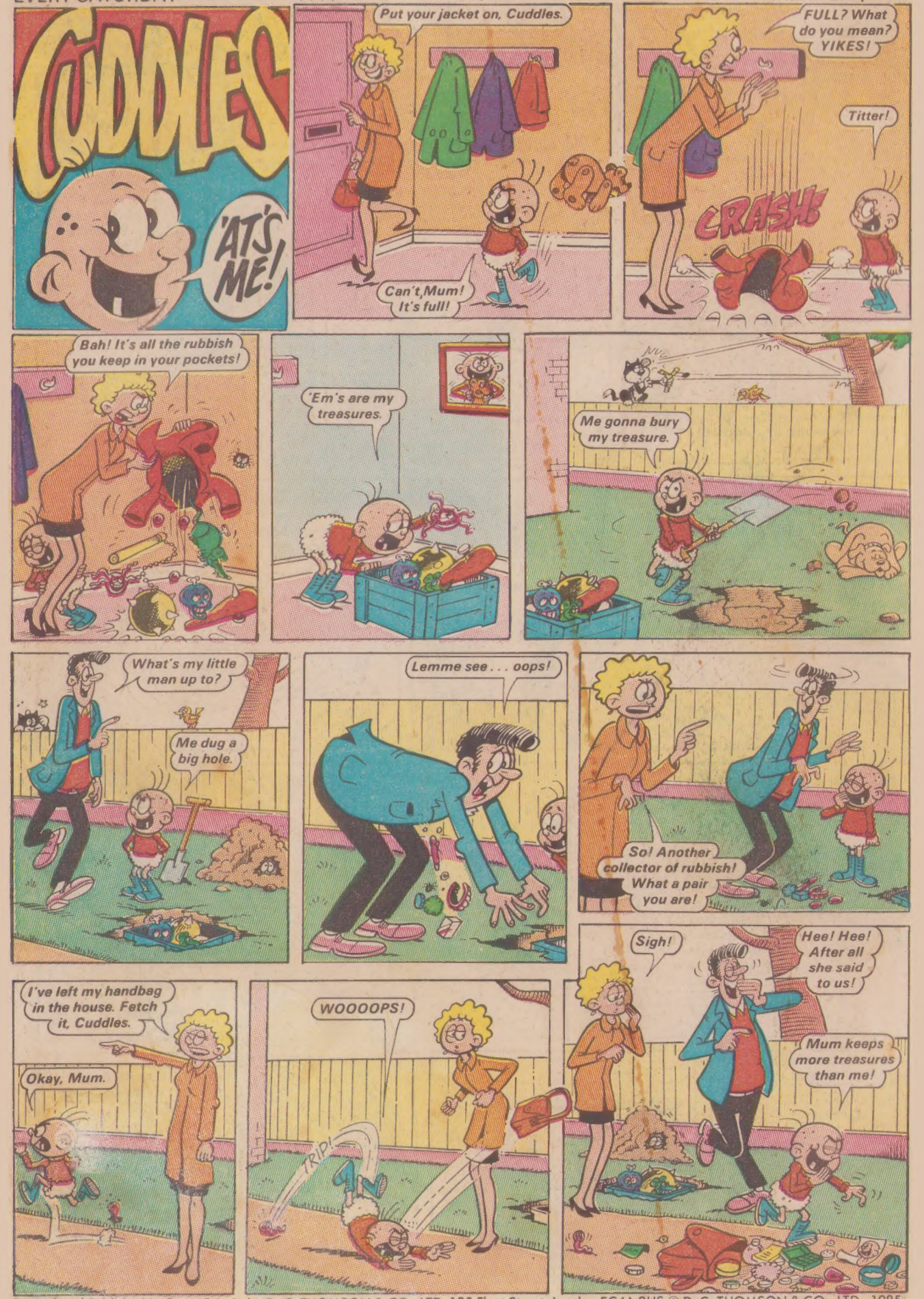
IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

NTY.2.3.85

THE WILD ROVERS


What's up, Chum?
All my workers have left—and I was meant to build a bank here.
We'll do your work for you—for a small fee!
Yeah, like food for a week!
Right! You're on!
You've built from plans before I take it!
Oh, yeah, we used to work for Weetabix the builder.
Right, Lads! All hands to the pumps!
Hunk! Would you get a piece of wood about three metres long?
No problem, Magnus.
What's this? A TREE!
Well, since it's a bank we're building, I thought we'd need a few BRANCHES!
How's the mix coming along?
CURRANTS
Super!
We'll just test the thickness . . .
. . . And the taste!
Here, this is cake mix—not cement.
LICK
Well, it's for customers with a CURRANT account.
LATER—
Hey, my bank! Where is it?
We weren't sure what kind of bank you wanted.
I'm after your blood!
Now we know—it's a BLOOD bank!
NTY.2.3.85


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Put your jacket on, Cuddles.
Can't,Mum! It's full!
FULL? What do you mean? YIKES!
Titter!
CRASH!
Bah! It's all the rubbish you keep in your pockets!
'Em's are my treasures.
Me gonna bury my treasure.
What's my little man up to?
Me dug a big hole.
Lemme see . . . oops!
So! Another collector of rubbish! What a pair you are!
Sigh!
Hee! Hee! After all she said to us!
Mum keeps more treasures than me!
I've left my handbag in the house. Fetch it, Cuddles.
Okay, Mum.
WOOOOPS!
RIP!

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